

Mouth of Madness

Red Harvest

Mouth Of Madness

I observe the universe
And it's looking right back at me
I float through dimensions

Disconnect myself
From the perception of reality
I wait for no one

I wait for no one

Reconstruct
Deconstruct
Disassemble
The Inner Core
It holds the answers
To it all
It's all about the Ancient Batteries

This oven's kind of burning
These devices do not function
It has a mind of its own
Routine... follow the routine

Reaching out...
Into the air...